1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

V

Love in the Desert

000 IT WAS A SEASON of great fertility here in the south by the Wadi Sirhan. Thunder showers and rain all over the land. The face of the earth had become one great pasture. The swelling udders of the she-camels oozed milk. Their calves were legion—comical, clumsy, long-legged creatures. A medley of sounds filled the air—mingled with the creaking and groaning of camel litters on the dromedaries' backs, from under the awnings of which appeared happy-faced mothers, fondling their young babies. This was the springtime of the year, when [844] nature was pulsating with life. Women were being delivered of their children in their tents and some even in the shade, amongst the animals, which were also big with young. In the low bushes and camel-grass could be heard the cheeping and chirping of desert chicks and fledgling bustards. The withered old desert had miraculously renewed herself and had become beautiful again with the bloom of youth.

The gentle caresses of the rain and the sun had coaxed out myriads of blossoms. A diaphanous haze, silver and green, suffused hill and dale. Deeper and richer glowed the green of the flower-strewn meads in the wide depressions. Scent-laden, the soft spring wind blew gently over the gracious land. The eyes of the herdsmen were bright with gratitude; yet, morning after morning, the women would pull the tent-posts from under the

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fires and their hides[1] are cut up for water-bags, belts, and sandals. 231 [281]

In the grey of one morning I noticed a woman moving amongst the resting animals. Whenever she saw a female camel get up, she would hurry and catch the urine, for which she was waiting, in a bowl she carried for the purpose. The camel's urine smells sweetly of herbs and aromatic plants, it must be remembered. Returning to her tent, one side of which was open, I saw her gather the loose tresses of her little daughter's hair in her hand and dip them into this much-prized hair-wash. She then combed, parted and braided the damp black hair into the usual lovelocks. Again I saw her return to the camels; but suddenly she sat down. A moment later she rose again, threw away her bowl, and hurried back toward her tent, but collapsed before she had gone far. I sprang up and ran to her. 515 302

She said never a word as I tried to help her to her feet; she only withdrew her arms from my hold and cowered on the ground. Then I noticed that she was in labour. As there was no adult within hearing, I called to the woman's little girls to bring bedding and sheepskins. With these I made a couch for her, right among the camels, sent the children back to the tent, and planted myself as a screen before the woman with a sheepskin held over her. Thus she gave birth to her first son. 844

Presently her husband arrived and two slaves of Faris's. The father picked up the newly born babe, and the three men ran to a camel, kicked it in the hip to make it rise, and with their right hands continued to massage the beast's right flank until it let down urine. With this

1 - [Of [illegible]els -- Analyst]

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144 they bathed the squealing, downy infant all over, baptizing him with this herb-scented water of the beast of the desert into the sacred fellowship of the wilderness.

I was still thinking how unexpectedly this incident had come to pass, when I was startled by heavy pattering on the tent-roof and on the sand outside. Everywhere, on tents and on the backs of the camels, it was raining big, fat, reddish locusts!

The new baby boy's mother was just then squatting in her smoke-filled tent, engaged, with the assistance of her women friends, in swathing his little body in a plaster of dried camel dung and old rags—a measure considered indispensable among the Bedouins for the protection of newly born children. But, all-important
136 as this ceremony was, all the women except the mother
222 rushed away pell-mell, to help their menfolk and children to harvest the locusts.

These kept coming up in swarms—nay, in cloud piled on cloud. While myriads whirred past and on with a loud noise, a host of them broke flight and settled. Wherever one looked, the ground was thick with them, covered, as it were, with a crawling red carpet. Grass, herbage, bushes melted away under the devouring mass of insects. And the whole camp was out gathering them.
252 Soon locusts were roasting at every fire, round which
262 men, women, and children squatted in a circle. They picked up the insects by their gauzy wings, plucked off the legs, dipped the roasted "husks" in salt, and ate them, skin and all.

Boiled, I did not like locusts; they had the taste of particularly insipid cabbage or some such vegetable.

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

CHAPTER VIII

CHILDREN

BIRTH AND NAMING OF CHILDREN

A woman who has had sexual intercourse with a man is called a *waḥama* during the thirty days while it is as yet unknown whether she has conceived or not. If she has conceived she is called *nâzel* or *ḥâmel*. For her delivery a Rwala woman never sends for a midwife. Kurdi's wife, for example, bore a child while sitting in a *žetab* litter on the march and never ceased to guide her camel. She cut the navel cord herself, wrapped the child in her dress, dismounted in the new camping ground, and carried the baby boy, *'ajjel*, to her tent.

A woman who has miscarried, *ramat*, and the fruit of whose womb has perished, *rma'*, is an object of fear.

A woman after confinement, *nefesa*, lives just as before the delivery, with no change in her diet.

When a son is born, the father is congratulated by his nearest relatives but expresses no particular joy; neither does he send out invitations to a meat supper. No animal is sacrificed or slaughtered at the birth of a boy or girl.

For seven days after its birth the child is bathed in camel's urine and rubbed with salt. On either the tenth, twentieth, or fortieth day wheat is gathered by the female relatives of the confined woman, shredded, and then a dinner prepared from it in her tent, to which all the women from the camp are invited. This festivity is known as the examination of the child, *ṭlâ'at al-'ajjel*. The mother goes with the child on a visit to all her relatives, a custom called *taṭlî'a*. Everybody presents the baby with something, often either a young camel or a colt, the gifts remaining its property.

Its name the child receives from its mother alone, this being one of her privileges. Sometimes she selects a name without thinking long about it; at other times, again, she may be directed by various influences. Thus, for instance, Prince an-Nûri's wife gave birth to a boy when camping near the castle of Âl Aḥejžer — or, as it is called by the Rwala, al-